

several has made have among the grain. His *ticks* *clawing* for wheat prevents its deteriorating rapidly. Of course, hence the winter wheat was as tall as his head. He covers Winter wheat about three inches deep, and thus preserves it intact when the crops of neighbors are thrown out. Has had his best and largest wheat by *sowing directly on clover and turning in both*. Barley is but little raised in Maine. Of course, perhaps, than other crops, and always in demand, because so many persons keep and use teams on the road. The crop looks fairly, and he thinks it will prove a good one. Potatoes look exceedingly well (who has not heard of Maine potatoes?) early planting and the selection of quick-growing kinds set off much the danger of the rot. The crop this year is backward, but the flesh of such as he has examined is good and fresh, and they are growing finely. From his observation in other States, he should incline to the opinion that corn, potatoes and grass in Maine were as forward as at any other place in the Union, and Syracuse. Of corn the average crop is 40 to 60 bushels, but he has raised as much as 90 bushels.

Friend Lang is a good farmer, a remarkable mechanic, a well-read man, and much beloved by his associates in the United States Society.

The *Union* requested some remarks from Mr. T. S. Gold, Principal of the Agricultural School at West Cornwall, Conn. Mr. Gold said that in Connecticut they had first suffered from excess of rain, and now they were fasting through. In the northern portion of the State the ground was poor, but in the southern part there was promise of an abundance. Winter grain was very good. This crop was growing in favor in his State, and more was being planted. Corn had been late planted, and was consequently backward. He had noticed great differences in this matter, caused by improper selection and curing of the seed, as for instance on his own place and that of neighbors. The same difficulty was prevalent in sowing green-seed. The moist weather earlier in the season and the more recent warm days and nights were conspiring to assist the maturity of the State's grain, and they promised well. But the late snow but soaked well. The fruit crop is also promising, but the English cherries are dying out in quantities because of the severity of the past two winters.

The lateness of the row prevented a further protraction of the interesting discussion, and an old receipt of a note to that effect, the Clerk declared the meeting adjourned.

**AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.**

**RURAL DIALOGUE.—SCENE—A very sparsely furnished farm-house parlor. Present, the farmer and his wife.**

*Husband*—I think, wife, that we must try to fix up our parlor a little; if it was well furnished I should really like to invite Mr. Jones, the pleasant widow we met at cousin James's, when in the city, to spend the Summer with us, as James writes me she wants a place in the country to stop at a few weeks.

*Wife*—Don't you think, husband, that you had better fix up the barn, and be able to show Mr. Jones a well fenced farm, instead of a parlor fixed up to imitate one in the city? As long as the barn doors are off the hinges, I will try to get along with the parlor as it is, and hope Mrs. Jones can—if not, she can come with me to the kitchen, or go with the girls to the hay field.

**LAND FOR STRAWBERRIES.**

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: Some of the readers of THE TRIBUNE seem to be greatly exercised with the impression that poor land was recommended for strawberries, by Mr. P., or Mr. E., or somebody else in the "Farmers' Club."

Being present, I happen to know that special pains was taken by those gentlemen to guard against such a misapprehension.

It was recommended that poor land, swampy land, high barren land, would not do for the strawberry, under ordinary cultivation—neither would very rich lands, stunted with animal manures, produce uniform large crops, although they might produce most monstrous growths of "strawberry hay," and a few very "vergeworn berries."

A light, deep, lively, well-pulverized, healthy soil was recommended, near an abundance of water, and leaf mold or vegetable manures were preferred, in moderate quantities. So, our Rochester friends may be permitted to keep cool this hot weather.

**"FARMERS' CLUB."**

**MARINE AFFAIRS.**

CAPT. WILCOX.

Capt. D. L. Wilcox, the commander of the steamship Vanderbilt, has retired from that position in consequence of private business requiring his attention on shore. Capt. Wilcox, while in command of this vessel was deservedly popular, and the owner of the Vanderbilt pants with him with regret. Capt. Wilcox is succeeded in command by Capt. Edward Higgins, so

A SUCCESSFUL SHIPBUILDER.

In announcing the launch, at that port, of the ship *Joshiah L. Hale*, *The Newburyport Herald* says that she is the fifty-fifth vessel launched by John Currier, Jr., since he commenced business in 1831, or an aggregate of 37,000 tons, and more than all the tonnage of Newburyport at the present time. The smallest ship built by Mr. Currier was the *Brenda*, of 375 tons, the largest, the *Merrimac*, of 1,105 tons. Four others were of over 1,000 tons burden, and all of them have been of the first class, of the most enduring workmanship and materials. That journal adds:

"It is noticeable how the size of ships has been increased, as shown by this list, in 25 years. One vessel reached 700 tons in 1841, and another 800 tons in 1846; but one of them have been 900, 1,000 and 1,100 tons; but one, in the whole, exceeding the tonnage of the present ship, Mr. Currier has not built of the larger class, like some that have been built by the side of him, measuring from 14 to 1,800 tons, but yet the advance has been striking. We remember when the first 1,000 ton ship was built at the north end, that a tremendous excitement was occasioned at the launching, and everybody wanted to see the monster."

LIGHTNING AT SEA.

Lightning has of late been unusually destructive at sea, as well as on land. The ship *Evening*, at Philadelphia, from Liverpool, had her main-mast splintered on the 23d. On the 23d, the brig *Fanny O. Field*, at Baltimore, had her fore-mast and main and cutwaker carried away by the same cause. The schooner *Susan*, on the 19th, off Captain's Island, at the head of Long Island Sound, had her mainmast shivered, and Capt. *Proctor* and a boy were knocked senseless. The foremast of the schooner *Henry T. Wood*, at Jersey City, was struck by lightning and splintered to the deck, and other damage

on, Friday last. Other disasters, of a similar nature, have doubtless occurred at sea during the late electric cycle. A few dollars spent in lightning conductors would have prevented much of this mischief.

ATTEMPT TO SWIM LAKE ONTARIO.—A couple of gentlemen, well known in this city, met on Tuesday and fell into a conversation respecting their ability as swimmers. Finally, a wager was laid of \$50, to swim from in Lake Ontario. It was agreed that the contestants should go to the beach at Charlotte, and strike out for Canada shore, only sixty miles distant; and that the first to accompany them, and the one who gave up first was to lose the stake. All the preparations were made, and the parties went to the Lake in the afternoon, accompanied by three or four persons. The boat was procured, and the rival swimmers stood out on the race, each bent upon winning the money, or swimming to Canada. They had not, however, swam five rods after wading to their depth, before both of them, at the same instant, shipped a heavy sea, which threw them upon their backs. They took in large quantities of water, and were obliged to relax the story, but for timely aid from the boat. They were drawn aboard and placed on opposite sides of the boat with heads over the gunwale, freeing themselves of the water they had taken in. In this position they were brought ashore, amid laughter from their companions. It was some little time after being taken aboard of the boat before either gentleman were fully restored to consciousness, and strange to say, each thought the other had "gone down with all on board." One said he had never before taken so much water, and the other said he had never felt so much about the moment when taken clear. Both had enough water for once. The wager remains undecided, as it is difficult to say which of the contestants gave up first. They were struck by the same wave at the same instant, and both turned over head and heels in the element, and it was impossible for those in the boat to decide the bet. All agreed, however, that this attempt to swim the Lake Ontario was not as successful as that of Byron in crossing the Malaspout.

[Worcester Union]